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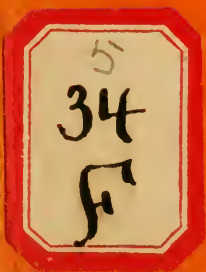
Andrew Jackson

A DRAMA
IN FIVE ACTS

BY
E. FITZMAURICE

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CHICAGO, 1901.



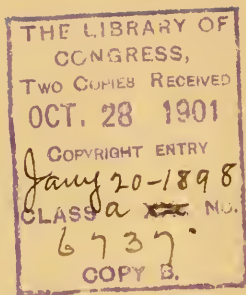
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DRAMATIC PERSONAE.

ANDREW JACKSON.

OVERTON, Governor.

DICKENSON.

CUTLER, Doctor.

THOMAS BENTON.

JESSE BENTON.

CARROLL.

COFFEE.

HAYS.

LIVINGSTON,

REED.

TOM CLEAR.

WEATHERFORD, Indian Chief.

RACHA,

SHUSY.

LISTRIA.

Soldiers, Hospital Nurses.

ANDREW JACKSON.

A DRAMA.

ACT 1.—SCENE 1.

In Nashville Hotel. Jackson and Overton.

OVERTON: Let me train you to silence till this fight is over—your man is Dickinson—silent, quick, sure—The master of duel in these states. Who are you?—What are you? — Jackson! Who is he? What is he? A Carolina ragot—Easy work for Dickinson. (Jackson strikes table.) silence—a cockeller to crow down in for Dickenson's morning shot. (Jackson tries to talk.) Silence, silence. We'll with your tongue lose the fight. Then wont he head a cavalcade home in silver anclers and wont you hang your long leathers out of a dead mans wagon.

JACKSON: I'll find and fight him now. (Rushes off and Overton after him bringing him back.) but I'm too late, the time for fight is when 't is provoked.

OVERTON: Enough or——

JACKSON: Damnations, I can lose—Whats more than that?

OVERTON: To lose and win is more—listen—silence is force, silence is purpose, silence is a new Jackson—He'll hit first but we must have our share of death out of it—When the signal goes don't fire—Wait till your shiver is over — Then steady, steady, stand up — Don't die for a moment—your foot, your eye, your hand—oh sacreds inspire him—one touch—you'r down, and he, and he — yes impartial deity, our half is won—He's down—Be ready—Think—Settle—Sleep—Be ready. (Exit Jackson but not Overton)

OVERTON: The mountain bravery of Jackson against the refined courage of Dickinson—Fair fight—Was there ever a fair fight? Even match. Was there ever an even match? A policemen's grip is an empire. A brawlers fist

is only a fist. (Pulls out an old *Grat.*) — seen service. — How much? — One, two, three, four. — Coffee got that — an ugly tear but he sent his man down by the shoulder — This was fatal to young Delail — His boiling blood is cooled to a crust here — Donero's tank was bred there — This was my own — Where's to be Jackson's? and is one or both to die? — I'll toss to find out. (Tosses). Head for two — (Lifts coin). Lost — We're to have only one dead, for a toss is fate — Who's to fall? Dickinson or Jackson? Toss to find that — toss? No, 't would all be out then. — Terrible. — But, I will (Pauses in act) — Let me — Yes, I will. (Tries but catches coin.) Here 's for it! (Half way tosses.) No, No, What ah What could I do if — Damn it, I'll try. (Up goes coin.) That's no toss. (Puts foot on it.) Afraid, no not afraid of that thing.) Flings down coin.) Now, now, — Head, head, head for Jackson (Real toss) Sacred life, I, I have won. — Hip, hip, hurrah for my Jackson. (End of Scene.)

ACT. 1.—SCENE 2.

In the Hermitage. Jackson writing his will.

JACKSON: What for my Racha? — This house, to remind her how much is gone from it, Jackson, the masonry of it — gone forever. The glories that we talked into fairy life, to stay here as haunting (writes) mere shell,

(Enter Racha.)

RACHA: Too intent to hear — Andrew!

JACKSON: Darling!

RACHA: So intent!

JACKSON: I was writing and it's a study to avoid mistakes.

RACHA: But a midnight study is new — What's that paper?

JACKSON: Something for, nothing for — a trifle.

RACHA: So profound for a trifle — my Jackson would compete with deity at making worlds, to put out — space — you creep thru darkness for a trifle —

JACKSON: Terrible — False—But no—Trifles might....

RACHA: Out with it — Besides my father I boated frozen rapids and picketted night, mornings thro the Red mans empire and made the footings that you found and followed here — out with it.

JACKSON. Does the air carry conspiracy against me and supply puff to no tongue but for spleen to Jackson — must I sue pardon from you too because I'm alive?

RACHA: That paper — afraid — you'r not the Jackson

JACKSON: Never this and your not the Jackson

RACHA: No — give that (Rushes at paper.)

JACKSON: Go — or (Enter Shusy.)

SHUSY: Orach, is it come to batin the misses you'r at?

RACHA: I have just woke from a dream of terror.

SHUSY: So have I maam — I shlep an hour an dremed a week — Far and far the ghohl wint cryin an I wint afther her — Thin she met a cart an a corps in it; and follied it back.

RACHA: That's my dream.

SHUSY: An musha but that was the sore hearted sob.

JACKSON: Silence Shusy!

SHUSY: Be yer lame Mrs. Shusy Carrigan for

JACKSON: Hellsblayes, no more.

SHUSY: Hellsblayes, is enough the Lord betune us an it.

RACHA: What's in your dream Shusy?

SHUSY: A death maam.

RACHA: Is it Jackson's?

SHUSY: No maam for the corps had'nt a red bead an ..
.....

JACKSON: Choking you—

SHUSY: O lishtin to that; an the corps was'nt as long in the shins as

JACKSON: The devil stew your bones. (Exit Jackson.)

SHUSY: The cross O'Jasus about us. (Signs cross and curtisies.)

RACHA: He is wriling a challenge and I want to stop it.

SHUSY: You could'nt shtop thim Jackson's once they get in into their red heads — That's how the red heads came among thim. Firsht — Be the mothers side they wor Nowlans and the Divil and all his boarders could'nt give the Nowlaus fight enough— an me jewel they sthuck at it till afther one big head smashed they could'nt wash the blood out, O their wads an from that day to this ther red headed an whin they married in with the Jacksons they giv thim the red heads. (Enter Overton.)

OVERTON: Your obedient. ladies.

SHUSY: Wecome, Curnel, Ginral, Soger, Captain, or what's it, maam?

RACHA: Governor.

OVERTON: Can I see the General?

SHUSY: Sartan — Go for him an (Exit Racha) he's only gone.

OVERTON: Was he here?

SHUSY: Sure in his own house.

OVERTON: and talking

SHUSY: Shure to hes wife.

OVERTON: What did he say?

SHUSY: I dunna what to the Misses, but I had to make pace betime an (Puts bottle and glasses down) Honor us be takin a dhrop.

OVERTON: You'll not drink.

SHUSY: De ye want it all?

OVERTON: I drink with men.

SHUSY: The Ginral dhrinks wid men or women.

OVERTON: Where's the dignity then?

SHUSY: Whereever Ginral Jackson is — Thry where tis wid you — This is Jacksons house big as a county — This is Jacksons whisky, pure as purgatory.

OVERTON: You seem to own him.

SHUSY: I never disowned him, — whin his mother, dacent woman brought him home without a spoonful o gruel to wet her lips I rouled him in me apron an owned him.

OVERTON: Here's to him tho he can keep nothing.

SHUSY: He keeps a good dhrop that's rale tin year ould SHLAUNTHA an (Drinks herself) it tashests like twinty since ye cam in. (Enter Jackson and Racha.) Jackson and Overton drink silently and scene ends while the two drink.)

ACT 1.—SCENE 3.

The Duel Ground. Dickinson, Cutler and Party.

CUTLER: He wont come.

DICKENSON: No, Jackson fears; quiet — He backed out before.

CUTLER: Whew — Then, what pity for such guns to get no work. (Hiss.)

DICKENSON: He counts again on a go-between clemency but — (Enter Jackson and Party.)

OVERTON: This way doctor (to Cutler).

CUTLER: No parley.

OVERTON: Are you shure?

CUTLER: Quite.

OVERTON: Wont you talk terms.

CUTLER: 'T would waste time but let's hear. We say fight.

OVERTON: What you say is edict, but distance is

CUTLER: O ours is twenty paces.

OVERTON: Thirty is ours.

CUTLER: That's the distance of fear — you don't mean fight.

OVERTON: As we do, we'll take your insult, but

CUTLER: But, What?

OVERTON: O one fight is enough for us now.

CUTLER: Too much.

OVERTON: Sweeten your tongue, or—(shows his whip)

CUTLER: Bah, that's the weapon of gutters but we'll not let you brawl out this time as all the Jackson mouthers do — ye'll toe the line and fight as a gentleman for once.

(Overton lifts whip to strike.)

OVERTON: But no — Let's do one fight. We'll shoot at a wack for distance.

CUTLER: Fine — To our hand.

(They shoot and Cutler wins.)

CUTLER: First mark (The distance is measured off, Dickenson and Jackson in dead silence take their places.)

JUDGE: Are you ready? (Yes, Yes; the Judge lets flag fall and Dickenson fires but seeing Jackson not fall Dickenson recedes back.)

OVERTON: Stand or — (Points gun at Dickenson. — In this moment of intensities Jackson fires; Dickenson staggers, flings his gun away and grasping out for another falls.

JUDGE: Any more?

CUTLER: Not this time.

(The Jackson party bow off and scene ends.)

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ACT. 2.—SCENE 1.

*In Benton's house. Jesse Benton and Cutler.*

CUTLER: You can spoil Carrol with Listria. — You'r a Benton of two states; Carrol is an upstart unclean tripe

JESSE: Yes, to level Jackson, Carrol must go down — But what then?

CUTLER: Win and then —

JESSE: Then what? — I don't want to win a wedding.

CUTLER: Long before a church darkens down on you, you'll be master and . . . . .

JESSE: No — No — Yes.

CUTLER: What's in no, no, yes?

JESSE: First I'll you see crush Carrol. . . Then. . . . .  
Why . . . . .

CUTLER: Yes, keep on.

JESSE: Then Yes, then — Stay . . That wont do.. for

CUTLER: For what?

JESSE: Lots of what.

CUTLER: Afraid of Overton's?

JESSE: And Bentons too.

CUTLER: Carrol is your master.

JESSE: Pease I begin to fear you more than all — I'm ready Carrol is no danger, but —

CUTLER: If Overton comes we'll send him to darkness.

JESSE: But he'll as he often did, come back.

CUTLER: We'll send him too deep this time for that —  
Firm, firm, go. (Scene ends.)

ACT. 2.—SCENE 2.

*In Overton's house. Listria alone making tea.*

(Enter Shusy singing "The Green Bushes").

O'er yonder acomin,  
Me throe love I see,  
Down by the Green Bushes,  
Where he used to meet me,  
Where he used to meet me,  
Where he used to meet me,  
Down to the Green Bushes,  
Where he used to meet me.

SHUSY: The Misses sint me over to larn you that song,  
(sings it again.)

LISTRIA: Have a cup?

SHUSY: Thanky (Drinks and does the cup tosser.)

LISTRIA: What's this? (handles her own cup.)

SHUSY: Thunder! — One, two three, five, tin — flamin  
to me but a whole multiplication — see that fella comin  
an that fella goin an that fella thryin to come an that fella  
thryin to go and that fella thryin to shtay — murther all  
purditions, there — they thry thother side, arrah musha  
a bear hunt . . . Look! that fella runnin away an the bear  
has him be the behind and all the other fellas laughin at  
him — but here's a gentleman — Looks like the runaway.  
(Exit Shusy singing as she goes into distance second verse  
of Green Bushes.)

I'll buy you silk ribbons,  
And jewels to shine,  
If you lave your own throe love,  
To come and be mine,  
To come and be mine,  
If you lave your own throe love,  
To come and be mine.

(Enter Jesse carrying broken gun.)

JESSE: Tired.

LISTRIA: You seem. Rest, and rest your gun—Where were you?

JESSE: O never mind.

LISTRIA: Why here tired with broken gun for a never mind; Where were you?

JESSE: At field, (mock modest). Can I leave my gun?

LISTRIA: Not here, without the tale of how broken.

JESSE: Another time and an other teller for that, (Looking at gun hatefully.)

LISTRIA: No time but now, no teller but you.

JESSE: I'll come back and if none else, I'll tell then.

LISTRIA: Tell now and if there's no poetry in it this is not the place.

JESSE: 'Tis vain to bungle ones part and vulgar to hawk it. (Tries to look unwilling to tell.)

LISTRIA: 'Tis vain to hawk it here for guess work, glory and nothing real is vulgar, the rags of a soldier are not vulgar — a louse on them is not vulgar — dirt on a soldier is not vulgar — that's the paint of his profession.

JESSE: We were at bear hunt (pauses to be pressed).

LISTRIA: Yes — go on — Who ran away?

JESSE: Ran away! — You told falsely! — They said he did but he didn't run away, or he didn't run far, or no, 't was'n't a run away — When the bear at bay turned, Carrol faltered and sided off — that's all.

LISTRIA: Carrol faltered — in fear?

JESSE: I don't say fear.

LISTRIA: But you make it for me to say.

JESSE: No — I admit 't was a weak moment—but any man might — you know — might save himself by — by.



LISTRIA: By cowardice.

JESSE: I don't like to say that.

LISTRIA: But you like me to say it.

JESSE: No, no don't frivol — you'r too sure — I was close up — just then my gun gave way and the gap made by his — his, by his — What can you call it?

LISTRIA: By his, his, his — call it yourself this time— you'r too sure.

JESSE: You interrupt — The gap brought the game on me — still I had the but and with all my (enter Carrol unseen) force I came on.....

CARROL: With all your force you came on here.

JESSE: How dare you pimp after me?

CARROL: The bear hunted me as he hunted you.

JESSE: Liar, he didn't hunt me.

CARROL: Liar, he hunted you.

LISTRIA: Tell us Carrol.

CARROL: The bear hunted the whole field and Benton fled first and put all into confusion.

JESSE: You'll answer for this. (Exit Jesse and Carrol by opposite door. Listria laughing after them and scene ends.)

ACT. 2.—SCENE 3.

*In Benton's House.*

Jesse and Cutler in earnest undertone converse and the gestures of a deepening conspiracy with just enough sound tho suppressed words to give proof of an uncrushed resolve .....

A short scene to end with a handshake of inspiring pressure by Cutler and limp indicicion by Jesse. Cutler still strengthening as Jesse's weakening.



ACT. 3.—SCENE 1.

*The Hermitage. Jackson and Coffee.*

JACKSON: Thomas Benton gave you this money and this message for me.

COFFEE: Yes.

JACKSON: This and this for Jackson.

COFFEE: For Jackson.

JACKSON: Foul coupling.

COFFEE: 'Tis the money, ten thousand dollars returned for your abortive march.

JACKSON: 'Tis tainted (reads) Your money is ten thousand — Your name is dastard — Thomas!

COFFEE: Thomas!

JACKSON: (Reads) You thought you shop by warrior how to shoot a Benton while I lobbied for you — Double false.

COFFEE: I told you not.

JACKSON: Damnation to "told you not".

COFFEE: No prudence.

JACKSON: Deep damnation to prudence — I stickled peace between them, but Jesse would bullet the cock horse Carrol down. — How he disdained conciliation with such untraceable spawn — Benton had all Cottondom at his back — Carrol had only Listria to stand second if I refused.

COFFEE: O blast it!

JACKSON: Carrol shot Jesse for Carrol's the better man — Blast this money too — Take it back to Benton. (Flings it down).

COFFEE: And what answer.

JACKSON: This (giving whip) or this (giving gun — Exit Coffee and scene ends.)

ACT 3.—SCENE 2.

*Nashville Hotel. Voices coming in.*

FIRST VOICE: Steady there.

SECOND VOICE: Mind his hand.

(Enter Hays, Coffee and men bearing Jackson on a stretcher covered up, a whip hanging out.)

HAYS: Oh Almighty! he's dead! gone in the childhood of his glory — I'll meet the Bentons for this.

COFFEE: Or I will — but how? Must I put what little I am, and what little I may be; as he put all he was, and all he might be, into a gutter fight? — Lay out my slow gains of glory as he laid out his inheritanee to make a few bankrupt bones.

JACKSON: Stand, stand back Hays, give my whip room — I'll, I'll — that's it. (Springs up, staggeringly and tries to use his whip). Keep off Hays, only for you — see ha see, they couldn't hit a state house! Quick, whew! quick, whew! (Hays and Coffee catch him and scene ends)

ACT 3.—SCENE 3.

*Outside Nashville. Thomas and Jesse Benton.*

THOMAS: Foul beginning — I must leave the state.

JESSE: We didn't begin it.

THOMAS: You did long back with Carrol.

JESSE: You did longer back with Jackson.

THOMAS: You a spider, wove a web for him.

JESSE: You a spider designed the web and gave me the lowly work.

THOMAS: And you made a deadly finish, not in my design.

JESSE: Bah--What does the spider weave for — What does the spider crouch for? To kill.

THOMAS: Heaven great; did I want to kill Jackson?

JESSE: Heaven is too great for your little witness box but what does a gun want? You spoke the spite of more than death to him yesterday and to day you shuffle and shiver to avoid your share of the dead means weight. you'r an after deed coward in terror of how great your courage was; can the dead man kill you?

THOMAS: Yes, when the dead man's a Jackson; 'Tis false that I thought death to Jackson; I could not plan so much violence to myself; I had hoped to spend my days behind Jackson, and as he climbed the visionary mountain that stands amid men, for only the great to find; I would climb after him, and when the top was reached, where the sun is clear. I might in his tall thin shadow catch on my short wide figure some side beams of glory and die as he, in the service of my fellows; who now's to enlist, who now to lead me?

JESSE: Oh some part of this nation will drop out of existance because this man has dropped out.

THOMAS: No, but some part wont come in, the part that he was born to create is lost, for our hands have cut him down before he could reach his work; he was a great soldier and the nation with a great soldier is two nations.

JESSE: How dead men excel and living men fail. — This one has carried unfinished empires to his grave and while he and they rot together, he can come in winding-sheet and claim the pinnacles of living glory. — Did we not kill him, he had continued an obscure mad man till age took out his teeth and closed his loud pipe forever, — get someone to kill you, and you too will be great; 'twas half the greatness of Caesar that Caeius killed him.

THOMAS: Jackson was a mad man, but the mad make nations, the wise enjoy them. Behind the mountains for long years Egeaminondas lived in Greece. Then he arose and in two battles lifted his people.

JESSE: These are deliveries you sneer the profound.

THOMAS: Not while near you.

JESSE: I'll fly your presence then.

THOMAS: No flight of genius, I wish our bloodship could be dissolved.

JESSE: That's my wish; had I choice before life I would not come into the world on your list of Kin.

THOMAS: And had all choice you would not be allowed on any list; were family supplied by sample no house would put you on its order sheet.

JESSE: You want another fight?

THOMAS: Ah no — enough to day.

JESSE: Shut your spite or I'll give you more than enough.

THOMAS: Away trifle.

JESSE: You'll make a discovery if .....

THOMAS: Pshaw, only in your hate was any one ever safe.

JESSE: Be ready! (Presenting gun.)

THOMAS: Always ready! (Knocks gun out of Jesse's hand and lifting it again presents it to Jesse.)

(Jesse throws it away.)

THOMAS: That's your best shot! Missouri, Missouri — Convict Colony for life. (Mounts horse and exit, while Jesse looks after him. Scene ends.)

ACT. 4.—SCENE 1.

*The Hermitage. Jackson with left arm bandaged up.*

JACKSON: All dead; women gone and Jackson not able to return a stroke — Little me, to slow on life; after a street pugil, is that. (Enter Reed, Carrol, Coffee, Livingston, Hays.)

CARROL: All ready for Jackson to marshall.

HAYS: Let me put your sword on General.

LIVINGSTON: Strong general.

JACKSON: Yes, your power has touched me.

REED: We'll go for your horse.

(Exit all and enter Racha.)

RACHA: An Indian war.

JACKSON: No. — The Red Man is but the front show line; 'tis a British .....

RACHA: Yes, ah yes; the Indian is the dead line — you'll stretch his bones on his land and like thieves by whose fallout honest people never get their own, patch it up darkly.

JACKSON: The land was never his, and .....

RACHA: Why did you buy it from him then?

JACKSON: Give me time; we bought peace, not land.

RACHA: How hungry for peace when you bought so many acres of peace; why dont you buy peace now, he might have a few acres left, and give you a bargain in his weakness.

JACKSON: Nothing so dear to buy as peace — How bitter your tongue Racha, but keep the arguments till I return in peace from the war with happiness won, then..

RACHA: Happiness won by dead men? — This house was never without happiness. — Trifle by trifle we collected till now we own a large property of it — you remember we planted a tree and birds nested in it, and you said that while a tenant remained there we would stay here and compare records with them, but tho hurricanes have swept through, that little house is on the same frail branches and ours with firm set and unquestioned right is to be shatt red by a foul far off breeze.

(Enter Reed with Jackson's horse, and others.)

REED: Here's a mount for a king.

JACKSON: (Leaning against horse.) Jackson is not a king.

RACHA: As you'll not return I'll go with you.

JACKSON: Ah no — that brings to memory a great woman whom I lost by war.

RACHA: You never told me of her.

JACKSON: 'Twas an uneasy bit of childhood put to rest that I did not like to disturb.

RACHA: As this is our last story time, tell it now.

REED: Tell General.

JACKSON: Its length will delay us.

COFFEE: Even let war wait for such a tale.

JACKSON: Our Nation like all that books tell of, had beginning in war — we call that War of Indipendence...

LIVINGSTON: 'Twas but half indipendance

CARROL: The other half is on some unknown field

HAYS: And we're going to look for it ...

JACKSON: Yes, after the battles we fought, the fields we won, the surrenders we compelled, we're in vasalage yet — In that way my kin joined young liberty—one brother went to Stono and he stays there forever. — The other followed the fortunes of Marion till death too laid him away and my mother went everywhere that a sick man wanted a nurse or a dead man wanted a grave — these were times of terror for a boy — there was no fun — war had made infancy thoughtful — we skipped the preface of life and began our childhood as men — I could do little then but watch the forlorns of Davies or lift a sword to a disarmed trooper and make a counting as I did of its weight for a day when its use might be possible for me — I grew though for ambition hurried me up and gave time no chance to fatten me — Hard and hungry like, life hammered out on an anvil, I started service as if a sword was a blood relation to me. — I tire you Racha.



RACHA: Tell on forever; such tale is joy enough for eternity.

REED: Tell of the Royalist and his boot cleaning.

JACKSON: He flung his boots to me, to clean, and I kicked them back and told him, that we were the soldiers who had not learned how to clean or wear boots yet; the sword cut that he made at my head, this hand parried — See the gash; but Robert in scorn let the blade come on his naked cheek and it helped him to a grave (weakly) ah enough.

RACHA: The woman's untold of.

JACKSON: Tarlton came and left more dead than the living could put below grass — Fester bred fever and the dead army slew the living — then 'twas that woman's hand never failed a petitioner for men still went to fight and boys went to learn how to fight and in the scarcity women had to be surgeon and sexton to the nation — Then, ah then beauty could be found dead beside a dead soldier with the half stayed wound or half drained lotion in her stiffened grip — We pinacle no figures — sight up no insignia to these shades Racha . . . Let me tell the ending — A ship freighted to the scuppers with sickness lay in Charlston harbour — no line of battle craft from Salamis to New ever sailed or sank such devotion as that still boat without a gun — women were in charge and the flag was never lowered save to bury the dead, when the warrior was carried on delicate shoulders to his marine rest. In that ships crew there was one — she who welcomed me into the world when my father gone from it could give her no security for her gladness. — To hate nothing; she rocked me, to fear nothing; she fed me, to deceive nothing; she taught me — that was my mother — often she went from ship to shore for curatives and one day, or one night, or one . . I . . they . . saw her . . ah saw her no more.

(Rests weakly against horse and Scene ends)

ACT 4.—SCENE 2.

*Hospital tent in Indian country. Shusy alone.*

SHUSY: Will we have any for plaster or poultice. Whin Marrian an Green was at it we used to bury legs be the bushel but these new silk sojers dont look like that Tho that lonely girl may be losht in it. (Begins to read cards) — Purshuin to me there they are agin plain as the divils crorbeen — an she'll take no warnin.

(Enter Listria.)

LISTRIA: How do you like me Shusy?

SHUSY: Fine me honey — turn round till I look at you — a rale sojer.

LISTRIA: I'll see how much America is in Carrol — Who is he says Benton — Fight will tell — If a pure born soldier, he's pure.

SHUSY: Glory to you, sure its in a man's work, a man is born but yer not goin to face the Injins?

LISTRIA: I'll face anything but a whelp at an altar.

SHUSY: May the angels be wid ye. (Takes Listria's hand and reads palm.) The Lod brake hard fortune before you. (Exit Listria and enter Tom Clear)

TOM: We had a brush with the red man.

SHUSY: Let me see — an ugly schelp but no danger. (Begins to wash and dress wound.)

TOM: Put it together, I'll be off.

SHUSY: Not till the docther comes to morrow.

TOM: Our men might be all dead tomorrow for these red fellows can fight.

SHUSY: Yer tellin it; but whishper a weeny.

TOM: What? Quick!

SHUSY: There's a young sojer jusht gone out — a wild scharum — keep a kindly eye on that sojer an I'll. I'll — Where are you from?



TOM: South Carolina.

SHUSY: Cushla, What's yer name?

TOM: Clear.

SHUSY: Clear — Carolina — ah, we laid him in the church an buried him next day in the clothed clothes of a sojer — that's whin America won America. Did you hear of him?

TOM: My father went that way.

SHUSY: Come close to the light — the same face, the same foot, the same eye, the same dead man alive — If the same blood, America is goin to win. Don't, don't forget me sojer.

TOM: No, never! (End of Scene.)

ACT 4.—SCENE 3.

*Indian Country. Cutler and Jesse.*

CUTLER: By State order I'm doctor here.

JESSE: What am I?

CUTLER: What you dare.

JESSE: 'Tis dark.

CUTLER: Has the sun no light?

JESSE: It sweats to blindness.

CUTLER: Did you love an Overton as I hate an Overton, you though blind would see — the passion of man is hate.

JESSE: And woman?

CUTLER: She has none; she's too weak for hate and too strong for love.

JESSE: I'll clear my head and think.

CUTLER: Clear your heart; the mind of man is in his breast. If I put your hand on the work, will you grip?

JESSE: Till death, yes.

CUTLER: Not death — life. (Scene ends.)

ACT. 4.—SCENE 4.

*War Camp. Jackson and Reed.*

JACKSON: I want soldiers and one Govenor sends advise to stop the war — he's leader of forlorn hope — his dense lines (reading paper) are brilliant as a bayonet charge — am I not coward enough without a State reenforcement of cowardice?

REED: Hush! — (Sounds of horse.)

JACKSON: Quick! quick! (Rush to Camp door — enter Coffee, Hays and Listria she bearing in her arms a child )

COFFEE: After a fight without quarter, for the redman scoured mercy, we took Taloschatches—many prisoners.

LISTRIA: And here is one — (an Indian child).

JACKSON: Poor young soldier; where's his mother?

LISTRIA: Dead! I found him fastened to the cold fountain but he couldn't draw out the frozen milk.

JACKSON: Give me a spoon I have only sugar and water; he'll, he'll not die. (Feeds child) we'll send him home to Racha. (Enter Carrol rush).

CARROL: Mutiny more mutiny! (All rush out and  
Scene changes to where mutineers are drawn up.)

MUTINEERS: We'r going home the rations are hunger.

JACKSON: Big ~~tart~~<sup>rush</sup> on little allowance.

MUTINEERS: Our time's up.

JACKSON: You came to fight the red man and you fought none yet.

MUTINEERS: We're determined this time.

JACKSON: I'm determined everytime — this army is in my charge. — Back to camp, I order you.

MUTINEERS: We'll take no orders from you.

JACKSON: By the eternal you will and more (gives

child to Listria and lifts rifle in arm not bandaged). The first to stir will stir no more. (silence)

MUTINEERS: Hear us general.

JACKSON: I'll hear you march to camp.

MUTINEERS: We're hungry.

JACKSON: I'm hungry. 'Tis war to be hungry.

MUTINEERS: When are we to go home?

JACKSON: When you defeat the enemy. (They cheer Jackson and under Carrol march back. Scene ends as Jackson takes child again.)

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ACT 5.—SCENE 1.

Jackson and Staff. Dim dawn.

JACKSON: They're coming. (Enter officer.)

OFFICER: Our position's in danger.

JACKSON: Carrol's there. — No danger.

OFFICER: Twice in solid mass the red men charged and . . .

JACKSON: And twice failed — tell your general that Hays is coming. (Exit officer.) Listen! wait! listen! — Ready! Fire! Charge! (Some of Jackson's men waiver and throw his ranks into disorder.) Steady, steady, oh dastards be gone. (Drives them to rear and turns to rally ranks. Glory! glory! color their skins redder. (Rushes at foe and after a desperate struggle the red men fall back.) Ha! ha! — If they return we'll have light at them next. (Enter officer of runaways.)

OFFICER: My men are sorry.

JACKSON: They'll be sorry to-morrow for I'll shoot them.

OFFICER: Allow them to face the foe again.

JACKSON: No, no, by the Eternal no! (Rushes to front

as he hears red men coming.) Ready, Fire! (They come to close quarters and his men waiver, when first runaways come with charge and Jackson shouts true soldiers) at them boys, true soldiers charge, charge! (They all charge in solid force and as the Indians are flying in utter rout scene ends.)

ACT. 5.—SCENE 2.

Jackson and Generals. Army in dim distance.

JACKSON: Hard fight you had Carrol, at river.

CARROL: Yes — The red man knows how to fight.

JACKSON: Not well as you, are you wounded.

CARROL: Not a scrape.

JACKSON: Show us plan Reed.

REED: (Showing map) An Island with only one land-way strongly fortified.

JACKSON: What's that above?

REED: Only boats can get there.

JACKSON: Surprise them boats up stream Coffee and take that place. (Enter Carroll.)

CARROL: Strong position — and but that narrow to march on. First work is, bored logs to face.

JACKSON: We'll charge the logs and use the ports — This time no confusion — When I shout over, mount battlement. (They march into fading distance and as a volley comes from fortress, Jackson shouts, forward, stoop charge!) Now, now, — File past ports, reload and come. Fire! again, again, again; hurrah soldiers — Hurrah! — Up all in one — over, over! — (Sounds and smoke of strife in distance till Indians break in defeat and Jackson shouts surrender.)

JACKSON: Surrender!

REDMEN: Never! No, never!

L. of C.

(In these terrors Scene ends.)

ACT. 5.—SCENE 3.

Gathering the dead and wounded in fortress.

Shusy and hospital nurses.

Tom and other soldiers.

SHUSY: Where to that sojer? (To soldiers carrying Listria off.)

CARRIER: To bury him.

SHUSY: Gra galma bury that young darlin — sthop!

CARRIER: What for?

SHUSY: To see how dead he is

CARRIER: No.

SHUSY: Musha pugh — you'r the Giniral — put him down ye grabbe!

CARRIER: Only you'r a woman! (in threat).

SHUSY: Arah put down that sojer! (putting hands on carrier.)

CARRIER: Keep off!

TOM: Put him down or there'll be blood scattered.

(Enter Cutler.)

CUTLER: What's all this about?

SHUSY: That sojer.

CUTLER: He's dead!

SHUSY: Let's be sartin.

CUTLER: This work can't wait but put him down.

CARRIER: Not if the devil told me.

SHUSY: Put him down or the divil'll do more than tell ye. (Puts hands firmly on.)

(Enter Jesse.)

JESSE: If he's dead, let's bury him. (Puts hands to carry.)

CUTLER: Yes, Yes.

TOM: Put him down dastards.

JESSE: Is'nt he dead? (Hesitatingly.)

CUTLER: No, No! (Derision to Jesse.)

SHUSY: The docther says he's not.

(Tom lays hands on Carrier and a struggle ensues, when all Jackson's officers rush in and overpower carrier, Cutler and Jesse — during the strife Shusy and Tom carry Listria off and scene ends.)

ACT 5.—SCENE 4.

In Camp.

(Jackson trying to write but often in pain having to stop. Enter Weatherford the Indian chief.)

JACKSON: Who are you?

WEATHERFORD: I'm Weatherford.

JACKSON: O you'r the carnage man.

WEATHERFORD: Yes, you told my people to surrender me; they'd not do that, but as you want revenge I'm come for the want.

JACKSON: Not revenge, submission.

WEATHERFORD: A man without forces has nothing to submit. It was my purpose to fight till the red men restored himself over this land or slept together under it, but my purpose is broken, death has made divisions of us and left a scrap here that's to come lower than the grave. Our men are dead and dead men can't fight.

JACKSON: What foul, what fatal purpose?

WEATHERFORD: Not foul to remake a people — not fatal to die, to fall well.

JACKSON: Away with second hand peoples, they'r the rags of bygone splendors, only fit for paper; but you were never a people.

WEATHERFORD: Never? That's untrue.

JACKSON: By the Eternal, if you ... (Putting hand on sword)

WEATHERFORD: What you dare I'll copy.

JACKSON: You, I stay (drawing).

WEATHERFORD: But a man of only one hand, yet — (drawing.)

JACKSON: Come on (Making rush — they make some passes, when Coffee and Reed enter and part them).

COFFEE: No dignity in this.

JACKSON: Damnation to dignity — Stand fair second and we'll fight it out — He'll be dead in a stroke.

WEATHERFORD: I've come here to die but your hospital cut can't kill me.

JACKSON: Sacred, listen!

COFFEE: That's a soldier to a soldier, — don't play child general.

JACKSON: When you Coffee fought I didn't trifle your cause or cross your ^{hazard} ~~hazard~~ as you do and play big at my cost.

REED: The soldiers are coming.

(Jackson puts up sword.)

SOLDIERS: Shoot the red fellow — Hang him — Turn him out.

JACKSON: Be gone — How dare

(frightens off soldiers.)

If you were ever a people where is your story? Tell us the towns you built — the laws you made — the songs you sung.

WEATHERFORD: You wait — Controversy but you fit for nothing except fight — We're what nature made — you're not — you live in lowness, your cities are running sores and their liquid is your beverage, your filth is a preserve and you feed upon it; your love is....

JACKSON: That's foul and false — on this land there's lake and river, mine and mountain, field and farest — and from all you got only a bite with blood on it — you have nothing of a people but land — we're masters of it now . .

WEATHERFORD: You master — Land is master — Land lends you clay for life and that you be fit to work out the loan, feeds you for life — you dig, you drain, you set, you cut and bend lowly to your task and at the grave you landlord who never dies takes back the last ounce of clay — you step like empire but you'r held to bondage by the foot — When you have bent all by force and spent all by folly

JACKSON: Then this land can go fallow and once more you can graze upon it. — But truce — you talk as my Racha does tho you put leaden lumps on your lash — Her's are silken — Truce to you of her thought — Go and take peace with you.

(Chief bows off with Coffee and Reed but returns bearing a deer on his shoulder.)

WEATHERFORD: My horse swam the cassa with me and the sudden dash in stream started this up the mountain and just as he made the last clearing bound. I shot him — He'll make a soldiers night. (Exit leaving Jackson again trying to write. Scene ends.)

ACT 5.—SCENE 5.

In Camp. Enter Jackson and Rasha.

JACKSON: You'r my own Racha — all my own — You were my own before I met you — In young time when I dreamt castles and put beauty into them one woman alone of wit and truth and thought filled all my enchantments — she told me tales, sang me songs and laughed the day in with me — she was the divinity of you Rasha and when I found you the vision came to be real. — Now we'll to the Hermitage and sit an evening rest after a days work on our cornfields and watch. . . .

(Enter Shusy, Listria and all Jacksons chiefs.)

SHUSY: 'Twas a great war to bring us a weddin.

JACKSON: True Shusy.

SHUSY: Wont we make Dugareon shake?

JACKSON: Carrol you've known how to win this child of honesty, know how to keep her; 'tis a boys part to win, 'tis a man's part to keep. The latest word for love is fair play; dictionary of devotion shou'd be cut down to that standard — When Coosa rose red with blood you brought fair play into war and lessened the blush of death—when tide ebbs pale and leaves but flotsam of beauty on beach, bring fair play to this lovely one for love and lessen the blush of life.—Americans we'll meet again to soldier, meet to defend a home on these fields for the outcast of the world — Our deed of possession compels us to guard and garden this land first — We'll come, the fallen will come and the mountains will come together and give footing to the freeborn.

(Scene ends with sound and signs of glory, glory!)



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